

GENIUS OF BRITAIN

GENERAL HOWE

AND

OF THE

THE
GENIUS OF BRITAIN,
TO
GENERAL HOWE,
THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE
AT
LONG-ISLAND.
AN
ODE.

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M. DCC. LXXVI.

THE
GENIUS OF BRILLIANCE

OF ERALD HOWE



THE
GENIUS OF BRITAIN,
TO
GENERAL HOWE.

THE raven, on the darksome yew,
Deep croak'd the fullen dirge of death.——

Wild from the tomb, the spectre flew——

The clang^k of armour chill'd the heath——

Afraid of carnage, mourn'd the passing flood——

Night lowr'd with fate—the moon went down in blood.

A scene most solemn!—To his tent,

Where wrapp'd in sleep the warrior lay,

Grief-

Grief-wounded Britain's GENIUS went

With eyes that wept, and cheek of clay :

Thus, spite of nature's tenderest ties he broke :

The hero started as the genius spoke,

‘ Dauntless son of freedom hail !

‘ Charg'd with many a victim's doom,

‘ May thy God-like arm prevail,

‘ Tho' its valour *load* the tomb.

‘ *Riot*, in his millions great,

‘ Rules ; yet bid the monster bleed :

‘ Ev'ry blow, that falls with fate,

‘ Carries black rebellion's meed.

“ I disclaim

‘ I disclaim the daring band !

‘ Lo ! not liberty inspires !

‘ *Hell*, with *murder* leagues each hand :

‘ Ev’ry breast a fury fires.

‘ E’er sedition’s fiend-like crew

‘ Madly wav’d the dangerous brand ;

‘ E’er the trump of havock blew

‘ Blasts of death along the land,

‘ *Sorrow* was a stranger here ;

‘ Distant far ! the *Mourner*’s voice ;

‘ Plenty rob’d the smiling year ;

‘ Rapture bid my swains rejoice.

‘ Where her harp contentment strung,

‘ Pity’s sighs are heard to flow :

‘ Scenes that loud with rapture rung,

‘ Gloom, a wilderness of woe.

‘ Chearful from the kindling east,

‘ Rush’d the gold-hair’d youth of day :

‘ Blest the vale, the mountain blest,

‘ Triumph’d in the genial ray.

‘ Now each hill and vale forlorn,

‘ Desolation’s haunt appears :

‘ Clouded, dim, the eye of morn

‘ Wakes upon the waste in tears.

‘ Dumb

‘ Dumb the minstrels of the grove,
 ‘ Musick glads no more the dale ;
 ‘ Sad, the breeze, that breath’d of Love,
 ‘ Swells of death a hollow gale.

‘ *Safety* slept in ev’ry field,
 ‘ *Fear* had night’s pale empire fled ;
 ‘ Now, with tyger-crouch conceal’d,
 ‘ *Danger* lurks in ev’ry shade.

‘ Oft while harmless *Nature* sleeps,
 ‘ *Murder* from the spectred wood,
 ‘ Bent on deeds of horror, creeps
 ‘ Plunging deep the dirk in blood.

‘ Pale

‘ Pale on earth the victim lies,
 ‘ Life wild gushing from the wound :
 ‘ *Midnight* trembles at his cries :
 ‘ Courage scarce can brook the found.

‘ Hark ! the nations with delight,
 ‘ Who, to * ruin’s verge were hurl’d,
 ‘ Gasping low, beneath her might,
 “ Where’s the mistress of the world ?

“ She who durst on princes tread,
 “ She whose smile was peace ; whose frown
 “ Smote each monarch’s heart with dread,
 “ On his forehead, shook the crown ?

* In the last war.

“ Where

“ Where is she, whom, tir'd with praifing,

“ Fame ev'n envied all her wars ;

“ She, whose countless trophies blazing

“ Pil'd her to the distant stars ?

“ Where that voice, whose awful found

“ Could the fate of empires tell ;

“ Calling to the realms around,

“ *Prostrate fall*” “ when lo ! they fell ?

“ By her children pierc'd she bleeds,

“ Heedless of her heaviest fighs ;

“ Fast the work of death succeeds :

“ On her ruin lo we rise !”

‘ Briton yet not *here* alone,

‘ Battle with rebellion wage;

‘ Be thy bolt in Albion thrown;

‘ Midst yon senate urge its rage

‘ Fierce, on CH—T—M’s hoary head,

‘ Once a fun, now scarce a star;

‘ By whose mean ambition fed,

‘ Roars the brazen throat of War.

‘ Once, to honour’s loftiest tow’r,

‘ Albion by his wisdom rose;

‘ Now, his infant with for pow’r

‘ Bids her tears exalt her foes.

‘ When

[II]

‘ When he chac’d the flying Gaul,
‘ Lustrous was the race he ran ;
‘ Now, behold the patriot fall !
‘ Mark th’ apostate, *less* than man !

‘ Glory’s ray the skies forsook,
‘ Round his temples, *once*, to blaze !
‘ Stunn’d, the heavens with triumph shook ;
‘ Kingdoms shouting with his praise !

‘ How his drooping laurels fade !
‘ *Cool* his beam that *scorch’d* of yore !
‘ Dimm’d in his own envy’s shade,
‘ Sinking, *ah !* to rise no more !

‘ NORTH,

‘ NORTH, whose firm, high-kindling soul,

‘ Whilst the storms of discord rave,

‘ Whilst the seas of faction roll,

‘ Dares to dash th’ insurgent wave,

‘ Gods approve, tho’ Dæmons blame——

‘ Tho’ from earth no incense rise,

‘ NORTH enjoys a brighter fame ;

‘ His the pæans of the skies !

‘ Warrior, take thy wish’d repose,

‘ Gain from Sleep, his strengthning charm ;

‘ E’er the morrow’s day shall close,

‘ Deeds of wonder claim thy arm.——

‘ NORTH,

‘ Know,

‘ Know, ah know, my love will weep,
 ‘ Whilst thy sword with vengeance falls ;
 ‘ Yet I’ll aid its glorious sweep,
 ‘ When my injur’d country calls.

‘ Tho’ my eye with pity stream ;
 ‘ Tho’ my heart with anguish moan ;
 ‘ *Justice*, bid thy lightnings flame :
 ‘ *Virtue*, let thy work be done.’

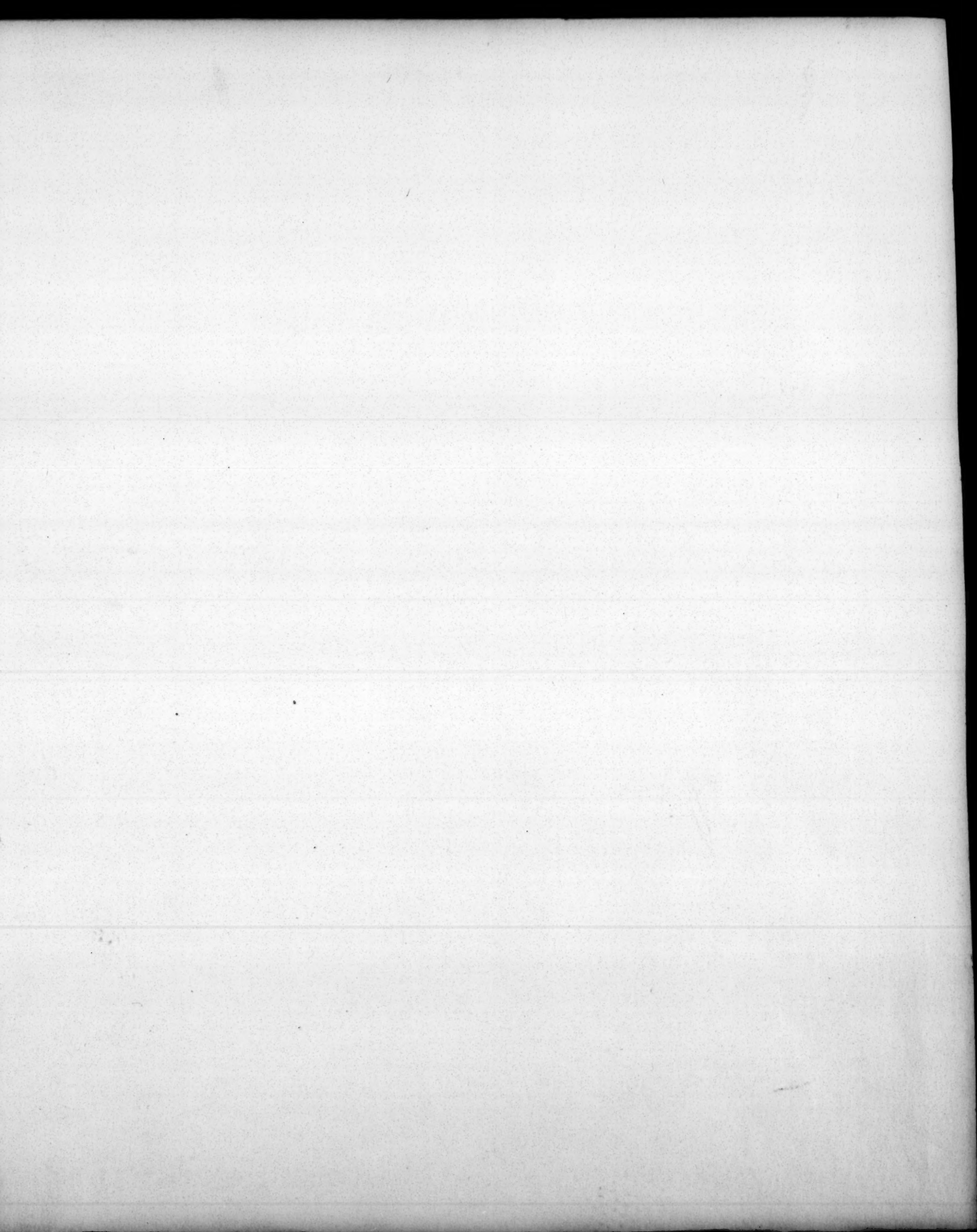
F I N I S.

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Know, all know, my love will weep,
With my sword with vengeance false;
For I'll and in glorious weep,
When my sword's company calls.

The, my eye with my friend;
The, my heart with angry men;
The, the lightning flame;
The, the work be done.





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PUBLIC ACCOUNTS
OF
SERVICES AND GRANTS:

SHEWING

How the Money given for each Year has been disposed of;

What Parts remain unsatisfied;

AND THE

Balance of Overplus and Deficiency.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

An INTRODUCTORY PREFACE,
To explain particular Parts.

AND A TABLE OF THE

TOTALS of SERVICES and GRANTS,

AND OF THE

Acts of Parliament passed each Year for the Ways and Means:

LIKEWISE

An INDEX to the SUNDRY SERVICES.

By Sir CHARLES WHITWORTH,
Chairman of the Committee of Supply and Ways and Means.

K

L O N D O N :

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